<u>BRAIN BOY #1: "PSY VS. PSY" (Part 1 of 3)</u>

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<u>ONE</u>

SPLASH: MATT PRICE (per Freddie Williams III's character design) is strapped to a DENTIST'S CHAIR with the pads to an ELECTROSHOCK MACHINE hooked up to him. No less than three assault rifle muzzles are pointed from the bottom of the page at him.

He's staring defiantly at us, sweating, being electroshocked, but he's not frightened -- he just looks *pissed.*

1. MATT: You realize…

2. MATT: …I got you right where I ***want*** you?

3. NARRATION: This is how my day ***ends***.

TWO

Panel 1: TIGHT PANEL - SMALL CORNER INSET - Matt, WEARING SUNGLASSES, behind the wheel of his SRT VIPER. He is grinning up a storm. Holy crap, that's a nice car: https://www.google.com/search?q=srt+viper&hl=en&source=lnms&tbm=isch&sa=X&ei=2zlkUYq9MdGB0QHVuYHwCg&ved=0CAoQ_AUoAQ&biw=1218&bih=739

1. NARRATION: This is how it ***began:***

Panel 2: PULL BACK: BIG PANEL: Long shot of the Viper stuck in early morning rush hour traffic on the FDR Expressway. Every driver's expression is full of FURY — but Matt’s. http://www.visualphotos.com/image/2x5353884/traffic_jam_on_fdr_drive_in_upper_east_side_new

2. NARRATION: ***Hate-surfing*** to my fellow drivers’ thoughts on the FDR.

3. DRIVER (THOUGHT): !@#%! Foreigners!

4. DRIVER (THOUGHT): Go back to where you came from

5. DRIVER (THOUGHT): OUGHTA NUKE EVERY COUNTRY THAT AIN'T US

6-8. DRIVER (THOUGHTS): Various lightning bolt/fizzing bomb dingbats

9. NARRATION: I ***love*** it. It's like ***speed metal*** and ***talk radio*** had a dirty love child that snorts ***adrenaline***.

Panel 3: Establishing shot of the UNITED NATIONS SECRETARIAT BUILDING:

https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:The_United_Nations_Building.jpg

10. NARRATION: More nationalities will be given the ***finger*** this week than at any other point in human history.

11. NARRATION: In mid-September, the opening of the United Nations ***General Assembly (UNGA*),*** New York City becomes a ***parking lot*** for ***diplomatic plates***.

12. NARRATION (SMALL): (Literally, we pronounce it “*un-guh*”)

Panel 4: Angle down on where Matt’s cell phone is mounted between the seats. It buzzes -- showing the caller is “USSS.” Also lying below the phone, somewhat casually just kind of tossed there, is Matt’s SECRET SERVICE badge:

13. NARRATION: In the next few days over ***900 aircraft*** will fly in and out of JFK dropping off most of the world's major leaders and assorted dignitaries.

14. JAGGED FLOATER: *Special Agent Price, this is North Star. Copy?*

15. MATT (OFF): This is Price. Go ahead, North Star.

16. NARRATION: There will be more than ***250*** official State dinners, parties, balls, speeches, and related events.

THREE

Panel 1: BIG PANEL: Cut to "NORTH STAR," the temporary headquarters of the Secret Service in an abandoned office suite currently swarming with men and women dressed exactly like Matt (including reflective sunglasses - have fun with this. Basically, these are the "agents" from *The Matrix,* played straight) looking over various laptop monitor screens and city maps taped to the walls. A Lead Agent is on a headset, checking an iPad.

1. NARRATION: And the ***United States Secret Service*** has to secure them ***all***.

2. NARRATION: USSS doesn't just protect POTUS, but all ***foreign*** leaders on state visits to American soil.

3. NARRATION: So during UNGA they temporarily relocate from their Brooklyn regional HQ to a tactical command center codenamed ***North Star*** at a classified location in Manhattan.

4. HEAD AGENT: ***State*** says your client's arrival is on time at JFK, Price.

Panel 2: FLASHBACK: In THE CUBE, the top-secret Albright Industries facility where Matt was raised, eight-year old Matt (for reference for both, see Part Three of the BB *Dark Horse Presents* serial) is quizzed with psychic flashcards by a middle-aged researcher who begins WEEPING openly once Matt accidentally breaks his psyche.

5. NARRATION: I'm what Albright Industries' ***Bio-Vancement Division*** refers to as a *"Reader Asset"* sub-contracted to the US government.

6. YOUNG MATT: It's a triangle.

7. YOUNG MATT: Also, you didn't ***dream*** what your uncle did to you.

8. YOUNG MATT: It really ***happened***.

9. NARRATION: Albright raised me, groomed me, after my parents died.

Panel 3: FLASHBACK: In a ritzy restaurant, a more recent Matt is on a date with a beautiful blonde who bores the heck out of him. It might be fun to match profiles

10. NARRATION: They manage my career. They even arrange all my ***dates*** for me.

LETTERING NOTE: Her thought balloon is full of FANCY LOGOS. Not the actual ones, of course, but I think, Nate, you get the idea.

11. DATE (THOUGHT): *Donna Karen • 49 Grove • Jimmy Choo • Goldbars • Mark Jacobs*

12. DATE: [unintelligible squiggle]

13. MATT (THOUGHT): *sigh*

14. NARRATION: Too bad I can learn most of what there is to know about a person in an ***hour***.

Panel 4: Matt gets out of the Viper on an anonymous Queens curb in front of a run-down, unassuming faux-Irish bar somewhere in Queens with Shamrocks in the sign and called "SEAMUS'S PUB."

15. NARRATION: So it usually feels ***good*** to be ***surprised***.

16. MATT: Copy that, North Star. Already en route to meet client.

17. MATT: Just got one stop to make first. Price out.

FOUR

Panel 1: Large panel. Turn the "Noir Mood" dial to 11: As Matt steps in the doorway, removing his sunglasses, the bar is completely empty, and mostly dark. GERARD BODELL, a giant rumpled trenchcoat-wearing beer keg of a man, sits at a small table with his back to the wall, unshaven surrounded by four or five empty shot glasses and an ashtray overflowing with crushed butts.

1. NARRATION:	New York City is littered with faux-Irish pubs that might as well all be called *"Paddy McLeprechaun's."*
2. NARRATION:	This one reeks of ***mop water*** and ***bad ideas.***
3. BODELL:	***Brain Boy***.
4. NARRATION:	The people who read your ***e-mail*** instead of your ***mind*** to know what you're thinking call me *"Brain Boy."*

Panel 2: Matt pulls out the chair opposite Bodell, sits with him.

5. NARRATION:	It's ***not*** a term of ***endearment***.
6. BODELL:	Thanks for coming. I'm—
7. MATT:	Gerard Bodell. Central Intelligence Agency.
8. MATT:	I read minds, remember?

Panel 3: Small inset: Matt holds up his cell phone. On the screen, in fine print, we can read what's printed there:

9. TEXT:	`If you want to know what Albright isn't telling you meet me at` *[rest cut off]*
10. MATT (OFF):	Your mystery text ***got*** me here.
11. MATT (OFF):	Your ***mouth*** has two minutes to tell me what you want before I scoop it out of your ***brain***.

Panel 4: Bodell lights a cigarette. Behind him on the wall is sign that very clearly says "NO SMOKING."

12. BODELL:	The Agency knows you've been assigned to ***President Ricorta's*** detail at UNGA.
13. BODELL:	The Agency ***maaaaay*** have had a little something to do with that.
14. BODELL:	The Agency would like you to—

Panel 5: CU - Matt, defiant.

15. MATT:	No.
16. BODELL (OFF):	No?
17. MATT:	No I won't ***peek into his skull*** for you.
18. MATT:	Secret Service and CIA have an ***understanding***. We don't ***spy*** on ***clients***. We can't ***protect*** them unless they have ***absolute trust*** in us.

MORE

FOUR, CON'D

Panel 6: Already, Matt is standing up.

19. BODELL: What do you care? Not like you're real USSS anyway.

20. MATT: Maybe I just don't like you. You spent your life blackmailing embassy officials for being gay. It fills my heart with ***joy*** to make your kind ***obsolete***.

21. BODELL: Awww. That hurts my feelings. You didn't even ask what we're offering in ***return***.

FIVE

Panel 1: Reverse angle - BIG PANEL - shot of Bodell, grinning. Behind him — out of his mind, really — loom TWO faces, a man and a woman, both with QUESTION MARKS for FACES. These are the faces of Matt's parents, two people he knows absolutely nothing about.

1. BODELL: Thaaaaat's right. I'm thinking it right now.

2. BODELL: You help the Agency out, we'll give you the ***file*** we have on your ***parents***.

3. BODELL: Do you even know their ***names?***

4. BODELL: Or did you think they were a ***turkey baster*** and a ***petri dish*** in some Albright ***lab*** somewhere?

Panel 2: Matt reaches out to pull the info out of Bodell — surrounded in his power effect. Refer to Chapter Three of the BB serial in *Dark Horse Presents.* There are a bunch of random thoughts coming out of him -- a man's face, a gun going off, a big pair of boobs inside a lace bra, a cat.

5. MATT: I don't need you ***permission*** to see—

6. BODELL: ***Don't*** you, now?

7. NARRATION: Reading minds isn't like searching Wikipedia.

8. NARRATION: Your psyche is a ***hot mess*** of images, hopes, fears, desires, lies and opinions.

Panel 3: CU - Matt scowls.

9. MATT: ***You*** don't know, do you? They didn't tell you on purpose.

10. MATT: You know a guy who knows a guy who knows a guy who knows.

11. MATT: A daisy chain it'd take me days to follow.

Panel 4: CU - Bodell leers.

12. BODELL: Try ***weeks***. Time you don't ***got***.

13. BODELL: See? We ***1.0*** spooks still got a few tricks left in the bag.

14. BODELL: Now take a gander at the file in front of you.

Panel 5: Angle down as Matt opens the folder and looks at the blueprints for a MISSILE SYSTEM. http://02varvara.wordpress.com/2012/05/17/17-may-2012-ria-novosti-infographics-worlds-first-intercontinental-ballistic-missile/00-ria-novosti-infographic-worlds-first-intercontinental-ballistic-missile-2012/

15. BODELL (OFF): You are looking at North Korea's new intercontinental missile system.

16. BODELL (OFF): They got a brand-new baby-faced dictator not yet ***thirty*** who thinks he can make his Johnson grow by lobbing nukes into downtown St. Louis.

17. BODELL (OFF): One thing they're missing is the refined fuel to make their birdies fly.

<u>SIX</u>

Panel 1: Bodell blows smoke. Literally.

1. BODELL: And the one guy with enough ***oil*** and ***crazy*** to sell it to them is ***Ricorta***.

2. BODELL: You make a quick drive-by of his grey matter vis-a-vis ***Pyongyang***…

3. BODELL: …and I'll give you ***priceless*** info on the one mind you ***can't*** read.

Panel 2: Matt, defensive.

4. BODELL (OFF): ***Yours***.

5. MATT: My parents were Albright researchers.

6. MATT: They died when their car drove over a downed electrical line before my first birthday.

Panel 3: Same shot as 1 - Bodell stabs out the spent butt in the ashtray.

7. BODELL: Sure, kid.

8. BODELL: ***Sure*** they did.

9. BODELL: If you change your mind, I just thought the address where I'm going to be spending the weekend. It's a… "gentleman's club." See it?

Panel 4: Inside Bodell's mind: A sexy Russian hooker in lingerie is wrapped around an address like a Toulouse Lautrec Moulin Rouge poster: ***1961 Amsterdam Ave.*** (Lettering example: http://www.nga.gov/exhibitions/2005/toulouse/056-206.htm)

10. MATT'S VOICE: "It's ***Mother's Day*** already?"

11. BODELL'S VOICE: "I ***wish***. I'd get a ***discount.***"

Panel 5: As Matt storms out of the bar toward us in the foreground, Bodell raises a shot glass to him in the background.

12. BODELL: Pleasure doing business with you…

13. BODELL: …*"Brain Boy."*

14. MATT: Go to hell.

Panel 6: Profile of Matt, driving — shades down — angry.

15. NARRATION: He's lying.

16. NARRATION: He's just stringing me along.

17. NARRATION: Manipulating me.

18. NARRATION: It's how the game is played.

SEVEN

Panel 1: Wide angle - Big panel - At an isolated corner of JFK airport, EMIL RICORTA descends from his plane flanked by sexy female bodyguards, Gaddafi-style: http://www.crunktastical.net/2009/04/22/qadhafi-fevah/gaddafis-female-bodyguards/

1. NARRATION: I get to the isolated strip of JFK in just enough time to do a 200 meter-radius ***threat scan*** prior to ***client touchdown***.

2. NARRATION: General ***Emil Ricorta*** is the (***duly-elected***) president of South America's largest ***oil*** producer.

3. NARRATION: Beloved by the left, vocal admirer of the Castro brothers, champion of the world's poor, and all around ***thorn*** in the United States's side.

Panel 2: Reverse angle - Ricorta grins down at Matt, who has his shades on and stands by an open limo.

4. RICORTA: Where's Dave?

5. MATT: ***Dave***, Mr. President?

6. RICORTA: Dave usually heads my detail in New York.

7. RICORTA: I always enjoy hearing about his wife, Kim. And children, Stephen and Amelia.

Panel 3: Matt holds open the limo door as Ricorta climbs inside.

8. MATT: He must have been reassigned, sir.

9. MATT: I'm Special Agent ***Price.***

10. MATT: From ***Albright Bio-Vancements***.

Panel 4: In the limo seat is a grinning Ricorta, flanked by two of his bodyguards.

11. NARRATION: I can't get Bodell out of my head. Which is irritating.

12. NARRATION: Usually that's ***my*** job.

13. RICORTA: Oh ***really?*** Is there any ***specific*** threat my security needs to know about that would require such ***special*** protection?

Panel 5: Reverse angle - Matt comically squeezed in the opposite limo seat between two busty Amazonian bodyguards. Matt's POWER EFFECT crackling around his head.

14. MATT: No, Mr. President.

15. MATT: Just the ***usual*** ones.

16. NARRATION: So — just out of ***curiosity*** — not because I actually ***believe*** anything Bodell says—

17. NARRATION: —I dip in real quick to El Presidente's mind, just surface stuff — general idea of his own self-assessment from his ***super-ego***.

EIGHT

Panel 1: BIG PANEL - How Ricorta sees himself: As JESUS CHRIST, in one of the cliché Sunday School pictures of JC sitting on a rock with a racially mixed collection of kids around him. (Basically, it's Ricorta as JC, in the robe and everything, he just has long hair and a mustache, smiling.) http://www.goodsalt.com/search/jesus_christ_with_children.html

1. NARRATION: Yikes.

2. NARRATION: ***Modest***, this one.

Panel 2: Cut to the limo pulling up to a ritzy Manhattan hotel — but crowd barriers are up on either side of the entrance which are filled with mostly Hispanic PROTESTORS, carrying signs depicting Ricorta with devil horns and fangs, with a Hitler mustache and a swastika in his forehead, and various angry slogans in English and Spanish: "Unido contra dictadores" — "RICORTA SPILLS BLOOD FOR OIL" — "libre presos políticos" — and so on.

3. NARRATION: The mob waiting for us at his hotel holds a slightly ***different*** view of him.

4. NARRATION: Their hostility and negativity swarms like ***bees*** in a ***jar***.

Panel 3: Ricorta, grinning, strides toward the front of the hotel flanked by his hot bodyguards. The protestors scream and shake their fists at him, but he soaks it in like they're the cheers of an adoring crowd.

5. NARRATION: Emotion pings around the ***limbic system***. That I can isolate as noise.

6. NARRATION: But a signal shot through the anterior horn of the ***spinal column*** for muscular action—

Panel 4: Matt is bringing up the rear. He turns as a young hipster protestor lunges forward with a mason jar filled with what could be ACID!

7. NARRATION: —***that*** cuts through the background hubbub like a ***silent scream***.

8. PROTESTOR (THOUGHT): *[dingbat of skull-and-crossbones … like on the side of a bottle of poison]*

NINE

Panel 1: Large panel. Matt knocks the guy back with a telekinetic blast — he smashes into a pretty female protestor, LUISA … but not before the jar goes flying out of his hand — dousing the front of Matt's suit with the liquid.

1. MATT: ***Back!***

2. PROTESTOR: *Ungh!*

3. LUISA: Ah!

Panel 2: The cops wrestle the protestor to the ground while Matt looks disgustedly down at the front of his shirt and vest. A "stink cloud" is coming off of him. A bodyguard turns and looks back at him.

4. BODYGUARD: Acid?

5. MATT: Piss.

6. MATT: ***His.***

7. MATT: *Ugh.* What's ***wrong*** with people?

Panel 3: Ricorta (in background) grins at Matt before ducking inside the hotel. What a dick.

8. RICORTA: I don't know ***what*** I'd do without you, Agent Price.

9. NARRATION: This is gonna be a long week.

Panel 4: Matt uses telekinesis to help Luisa back to her feet.

10. MATT: Sorry about that, Miss. Didn't mean to bowl you over.

11. MATT: You gonna be okay?

TEN

Panel 1: Full body shot of Luisa, in jeans and a red t-shirt that has a picture of Ricorta's face with a strikeout through it. She holds up a piece of paper with black and white head shots of various missing political prisoners on it.

1. LUISA: Will ***you***, putting your ***life*** on the line for that ***butcher?***

Panel 2: CU - Frowning Luisa.

2. LUISA: Ricorta's kept ***hundreds*** of people Ricorta has kept imprisoned without trial — without charges — for ***years,*** just for speaking out against his regime!

3. NARRATION: Luisa. That's her name.

Panel 3: LARGE PANEL - A view of Luisa's father, MAXIMILIAN GONZALEZ, about fifty years old, going prematurely-grey, squatting inside a filth-caked South American prisoner, crammed with other half-starved, half-crazed men in rags.

6. NARRATION: Her ***father*** is one of those prisoners. Maximilian. She hasn't seen him for more than a decade.

7. NARRATION: Living in his own filth. The gangs having completely taken over his wing.

8. NARRATION: The guards drive up once a day to dump off food -- and pick up the ***bodies*** thrown over the wall.

Panel 4: Luisa and Matt. They share a moment. She's taken aback by his sudden intimacy.

9. NARRATION: She has … ***depth*** I haven't seen before.

10. MATT: I know what it's like to grow up without a dad.

11. LUISA: What? But -- I never said --

Panel 5: He turns away from her to go into the hotel. Shoot from his front so we can see her behind him.

12. MATT: I wish I could help you.

13. MATT: But… I'm sorry.

14. MATT: I ***can't.***

ELEVEN

Panel 1: Matt in the shower in one of the suites in the hotel.

1. NARRATION:	Technically I'm not supposed to leave Ricorta's side while on-duty.
2. NARRATION:	But nobody wants me around smelling like ***John Wee-Wee Booth.***
3. NARRATION (SMALL):	(Especially me.)

Panel 2: Gets out, towels himself off.

4. NARRATION:	Fortunately, Ricorta's itinerary is pretty straightforward.
5. NARRATION:	You keep a High-Risk Target like El Presidente safe by restricting his movement.

Panel 3: From the hook on the back of the door Matt takes off a new suit and shirt inside a clear dry-cleaner's bag.

6. NARRATION:	He's got a bunch of meetings and interviews here in his heavily-guarded hotel suite.
7. NARRATION:	Then later tonight he's going to a big party thrown by ***Castle Kane*** at the ***High Line***, the elevated park in the meat-packing district.

Panel 4: Cutaway to Ricorta palling around with CASTLE KANE, a 40 year old movie star and well-known leftist gadfly. They're waving to crowds from the balcony of one of Ricorta's presidential palaces. The totally-unsubtle allusion here is to Sean Penn's relationship with the late Hugo Chavez: http://www.latimes.com/news/world/worldnow/la-fg-wn-sean-penn-venezuela-hugo-chavez-20130308,0,2217639.story

8. NARRATION:	At this point Kane's better known for his ***activism*** than his ***movies*** — proclaiming Ricorta's anti-American awesomeness to the world.

Panel 5: Smiling to himself, Matt adjusts his tie in the mirror.

9. NARRATION:	Kane just seems like another clueless celebrity moron to me, but what do I care?

Panel 6: Matt walks outside the bathroom and comes up short, surprised by what he sees.

10. NARRATION:	But there are going to be some beautiful people, and I get to splash around inside the minds of every single one.
11. NARRATION:	It's awesome to be me.
12. MATT:	Uh…

TWELVE

Panel 1: PULL BACK - BIG PANEL - Matt finds himself in the middle of the hotel suite surrounded by people FROZEN IN PLACE — EYES WHITE — they've all been MIND WIPED! We see some of the female bodyguards, a few uniformed types, et cetera.

1. MATT: This is bad.

2. F. BODYGUARD (THOUGHT): *[empty thought balloon]*

3. F. BODYGUARD (THOUGHT): *[empty thought balloon]*

4. OTHER PERSON: *[empty thought balloon]*

Panel 2: Matt looks across the room — A Barbara Walters-type sits frozen in her armchair, microphone outstretched to an empty armchair. Behind her between the glaring lights a cameraman stands frozen.

5. B. WALTERS (THOUGHT): *[empty thought balloon]*

6. CAMERAMAN (THOUGHT): *[empty thought balloon]*

7. MATT: This is ***really*** bad.

Panel 3: Mind moving rapidly, Matt turns toward the suite front door — There's something glowing on the doorknob.

8. NARRATION: A reader or ***readers*** waltzed in here, snatched President Ricorta, then ***mind-squeegeed*** everyone in the suite?

9. MATT: This is really really really really really really really really ***bad***.

10. NARRATION: While I was in the ***shower?***

THIRTEEN

Panel 1: Detail on the red thing on the doorknob — it's the pulsing aura of Ricorta's handprint on the door when he opened it.

1. NARRATION: Don't panic, Matt — think!

2. NARRATION: The telemetric aura.

3. NARRATION: Yes! Follow that!

Panel 2: Matt dashes out into the hotel hallway. Two female bodyguards wander around, eyes white, mind wiped.

4. F. BG #1: *[empty thought balloon]*

5. F. BG #2: *[empty thought balloon]*

6. NARRATION: Your psychic field isn't just located in your brain — it's all around you, all the time, and you leave little impressions of it wherever you go, like microscopic skin cells or tiny hairs.

Panel 3: Matt's POV: Glowing red FOOTPRINTS lead down the hall away from the door.

7. NARRATION: And Ricorta's leads that way.

Panel 4: Matt bursts into the stairwell, a glowing smudge on the doorknob on the other side. He looks up and down.

8. NARRATION: By himself, though.

9. NARRATION: I can't detect anyone ***with*** him.

Panel 5: Small panel - We see the glow of Ricorta's handprint on the railing of the stairs leading UP.

10. NARRATION: And they went … not ***out*** of the building … but higher ***up?***

Panel 6: A panicked Matt dashes up the stairs two at a time.

11. NARRATION: Should I notify North Star?

12. NARRATION: Not yet. North Star's gonna kill me!

13. NARRATION: Well, you never should have left your client!

14. NARRATION: ***But there was PEE on me!!***

FOURTEEN

Panel 1: Matt arrives on the HELIPAD on the roof of the fancy hotel, and he looks around. Lots of glittering Manhattan high rises all around him, but absolutely no sign of Ricorta.

1. NARRATION: Should I tell … Albright?

2. NARRATION: No thank you.

3. NARRATION: I like all my ***man-parts*** where they're currently ***attached***.

Panel 2: Angle down - Matt steps into the center of the helipad — where there's a single pair of glowing red Ricorta footprints. But that's it.

4. NARRATION: But … that's it.

5. NARRATION: The trail stops here.

6. NARRATION: ***Dead.***

Panel 3: Medium shot of Matt looking around, baffled.

7. NARRATION: But how — how could the kidnappers ***shield*** themselves from me like that?

8. NARRATION: Were they wearing ***tinfoil hats*** or something?

Panel 4: Same shot - looking at Matt, but through a SNIPER'S SCOPE.

9. NARRATION: Wingnuts think foil hats act as a ***Faraday Cage***, blocking external electric fields — and bio-electric fields.

Panel 5: A TRANQ DART sails into Matt's neck.

10. NARRATION: But for a Faraday Cage to be ***effective***, it has to surround the entire protected object completely.

11. SFX: ***fffp***

12. MATT: Gk

Panel 6: Matt drops to the ground, clutching his neck, drugged & unconscious.

13. NARRATION (WEAK): And that's *crazy* **talk…***

14. SFX: ***THUD***

FIFTEEN

Panel 1: Extreme long shot — perhaps even an aerial one? — Showing the top of the hotel, with Matt lying atop it and several blocks away…

NO COPY

Panel 2: A SHINY, SILVERY figure holds a ludicrously long sniper rifle.

NO COPY

Panel 3: BIG PANEL - NEAR-SPLASH - The figure stands holding the rifle — its' a woman wearing a skin tight silver catsuit that literally covers her entire body— there's no eye slits or mouth slit or anything (presumably she has some way of seeing outside and breathing).

Ladies and gentlemen, meet FARADAY.

NO COPY

SIXTEEN

Panel 1: CU - Matt as he comes to. He's strapped into an ELECTROSHOCK THERAPY chair with electrodes attached to his temples. To make matters worse, there's an enormous amount of PSYCHIC INTERFERENCE in this room, which I thought should take the form of these circles and whirls of this satellite photo of America's cell phone towers (which, as we shall see, is highly appropriate):
http://www.brandng.com/.a/6a0105361f0a8e970b016767db3b27970b-popup

1. NARRATION: Pop, pop. Fizz, fizz.

2. MALANDRO (OFF): Hey. Hey, there.

3. NARRATION: Everything's cloudy.

Panel 2: Long shot - a trio of hulking figures, members of the MALANDRO street gang (supposedly), stand over the helpless Matt. We're looking at them over their shoulders from inside an DIGITAL TELEPHONE EXCHANGE room, filled with massive mainframe-looking machines like this one: http://www.moore.org.au/comms/05/S12_01_s.jpg

Everything here is very dimly lit and creepy. Also, let's continue the whirls and flashes of interference here.

4. MALANDRO: Brain Boy. Wake up, *pendejo*.

5. NARRATION: Just — a staggering amount of interference.

6. NARRATION: Can barely hear ***my*** thoughts, let alone anyone else's.

Panel 3: Detail on the *Malandro* gang — they're fearsome dudes, wearing MOTORCYCLE HELMETS as psychic protectors that have SKULL FACES spray painted on the front with stencils. They cover their whole faces as some kind of psychic protection. Also, they carry machetes and Uzis.

7. MALANDRO: President Ricorta's gone.

8. MALANDRO: What'd Albright do with him?

9. MATT (OFF): *Malandros.* You're the street gang that reinforces Ricorta's will in his country's slums.

10. MATT (OFF): A little outside your ***comfort zone***, aren't y—

Panel 4: Detail on Matt as he's BLASTED by the shock therapy device:
http://www.nytimes.com/slideshow/2008/05/19/world/20080519PSYCHIATRIC_4.html?_r=0

11. SFX: ***KRRZZZKKKKZZZZZ***

12. MATT: *Ggyyyaaaaahhh!*

13. MALANDRO (OFF): Don't think. Don't question.

14. MALANDRO (OFF): Just answer.

SEVENTEEN

Panel 1: The Malandros cluster around Matt, peppering him with questions.

1. MALANDRO: Chair's keyed to your brain waves, Brain Boy.

2. MALANDRO: You try to send out your psychic peepers, you get fried.

3. MALANDRO: Where'd you hide Ricorta?

4. MALANDRO: He cut some kinda deal with Albright?

Panel 2: CU - Matt. He is red faced, wide-eyed, hyperventilating.

5. MATT (WEAK) You realize … I got you … right where I ***want*** you…

6. MALANDRO: Aw, look at his face.

7. NARRATION: I couldn't tell you how telekinesis works.

8. NARRATION: Hell, I don't even know how my coffee maker works.

Panel 3: Malandros loom over him.

9. MALANDRO: Have some sympathy. A guy like him, thinks he was born unstoppable, isn't used to feeling helpless.

10. NARRATION: But on some basic level, it's gotta be mental "energy" — whatever that is — affecting matter.

11. MALANDRO: You know, Brain Boy … lot ***worse*** things to feel than ***helpless***.

12. MALANDRO: And you're gonna find out ***what*** unless you start telling us what we want to know.

Panel 4: Red-faced Matt hisses between taut lips.

13. MATT (SMALL): Don't call me Brain Boy.

14. MALANDRO: What's that? Couldn't hear you.

15. NARRATION: So it only stands to reason TK can affect ***energy***, too.

EIGHTEEN

Panel 1: Pull back - BIG PANEL - Matt sends a massive amount of psychic energy through the electroshock machine, blowing out the generator! The Malandros.reel back, shocked!

1. NARRATION: In the form of ***feedback***.

2. SFX: ***SSKKRRASSHSHHHKKKKZZZZZZ***

3. MALANDRO: *Yaahhh!!*

Panel 2: Telekinesis YANKS the helmets off the startled gang members' heads!

4. MATT: ***I SAID:***

Panel 3: One helmet ricochets like a pinball off one gang member's face!

5. MATT: ***DON'T***

6. SFX: ***ZWOOK***

Panel 4: And a second rebounds off another, knocking him out!

4. MATT: ***CALL ME***

5. SFX: ***WUDDD***

7. SFX: ***KRRZZZAKKKKKKBBLLL***

NINETEEN

Panel 1: The third gang member gets thrown back into one of the exchanges, which blows up in a electrical shower of sparks, thoroughly zapping the guy!

1. MATT: ***BRAIN BOY!***

Panel 2: Matt stands among the defeated "Malandros."

2. NARRATION: I see now — we're in a telephone exchange center. No wonder I'm getting so much interference.

3. NARRATION: The shielding helmets — getting access to this place —

4. NARRATION: — way over the heads of a glorified street gang.

Panel 3: Matt looks down on the still-twitching, still-smoking electrocuted guy.

5. NARRATION: I glean all I need to know from this guy before he slips into unconsciousness.

6. NARRATION: They're not real Malandros. They're a CIA hit squad, masquerading as a pro-Ricorta gang.

Panel 4: He walks through a side door of the phone exchange center — which is in the middle of a rundown industrial complex somewhere in the bad part of Brooklyn. It's a tall, window-less grey monolith of a building with a single, unmarked door.

NIGHT has fallen.

7. NARRATION: ***Bodell.***

TWENTY

Panel 1: Matt gets out of a yellow cab at a high-end brothel in the form of a Harlem brownstone.

1. NARRATION: I plucked the address of the "gentlemen's establishment" he was headed to tonight from his mind at the pub.

2. NARRATION: Occupies the top floor of brownstone in Harlem.

Panel 2: Matt levitates himself up there.

3. NARRATION: I don't feel like screwing around here.

4. NARRATION: So I'll use levitation to make my entrance dramatic.

Panel 3: CU - Matt's determined face. He's not happy.

5. NARRATION: Albright pays me a fortune.

6. NARRATION: I have everything I could possibly want.

7. NARRATION: All I have to do…

Panel 4: He alights on the top railing of the balcony.

8. NARRATION: …is ignore the ***leash*** around my ***neck***.

9. NARRATION: But sometimes … it ***chafes***. A ***lot.***

Panel 5: He steps inside the ritzy brothel.

10. NARRATION: Bodell is going to ***tell me*** what he knows about Ricorta. He won't even have to use his ***words***.

11. NARRATION: And I'd bet my Viper SRT that's all I'll need to find El Presidente.

TWENTY-ONE

Panel 1: Wide angle - someone has HORRIBLY MURDERED everyone in the brothel, girls and johns alike. Blood splashes the walls, and naked limbs jut everywhere.

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Panel 2: Bodell, naked except for his boxer shorts, splattered with blood, staggers out of a bedroom doorway.

1. BODELL: Brain Boy?

2. BODELL: That ***you*** kid?

3. BODELL: Are you seeing what I'm seeing?

4. BODELL: I feel like I'm awake, but …

Panel 3: Matt somewhat reluctantly grabs Bodell by the arms/shoulders to keep him from falling over. Power effect as he scans the older man's mind.

5. BODELL: … what happened … it's gotta be a bad dream …

6. MATT: Just … why don't you have a seat, Bodell …

7. NARRATION: I scan his mind, and…

Panel 4: FLASHBACK - RED-TINGED HORROR of everyone in the brothel MURDERING each other — a john stabs another john with a letter opener - a girl strangles another - a girl bashes a john to death with a lamp - A horrific scene of bread and circuses.

8. NARRATION: … oh God, God …

9. NARRATION: … someone … set these people ***against*** each other …

10. NARRATION: …shut down the rational part of their minds, ramped up the brain enzyme that triggers ***aggression***…

11. NARRATION: … someone as powerful as that could also have waltzed into Ricorta's suite, and…

Panel 5: A floating foot speaks, attracting Matt's attention.

12. RICORTA (OFF): Agent Price.

13. RICORTA (OFF): Thank you for coming.

14. RICORTA (OFF): I was just running out of ***toys***.

TWENTY-TWO

Panel 1: BIG PANEL - NEAR-SPLASH - Ricorta floats, Christ-like, over the carnage, eyes glowing.

1. RICORTA: I gleaned Mr. Bodell's location from ***your*** memories, but he does not seem to possess the information I require.

2. RICORTA: ***You*** will co operate with me…

3. RICORTA:: …or I will ***rip your mind apart.***

Panel 2: Small insert - Matt's horrified face!

4. NARRATION: Okay, I take it back.

5. NARRATION: ***This*** is really bad.

LEAVE ROOM AT BOTTOM FOR:

6. COPY: YOU JUST EXPERIENCED

7. TITLE: **PSY VS. PSY**

8. SUB-TITLE: **Part 1 of 3**

9. CREDITS